

# THE DIAL

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Literary Criticism, Discussion, and Information

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## FIVE FEET OF CULTURE.

The story of the *parvenu* who builds a palatial home, finds that a library with so many feet of shelving is included in the specifications, and orders it to be filled with books, has often been imagined. It is somewhat worn, this jest of stocking a library by linear measurement, but it is fairly expressive of the bewildered state of mind of a person who accepts "the library" as one of the necessary adjuncts of the well-appointed household, and who is desirous that the appearance of culture shall not be lacking in his establishment. And in fact, the man who has been too busy in acquiring wealth to become a reader might easily do worse than get his bookish furniture in this way. An order like this, placed in the hands of a library expert, or a really intelligent bookseller (for such there are), might have unanticipated consequences; it might open real resources of thought to the owner, hitherto untravelled in the world of books, or it might prove unexpectedly helpful in shaping the minds of the children who are growing up in the house. Better far such a selection as this than any the householder would be likely to make for himself; immeasurably better than any that would result from heeding the pleas of the wily book-agent, with his fraudulent *éditions de luxe* and his subscription sets of standard authors. That way lies despair, not so much for the deluded victim as for the friends who wish him well and would gladly give him of their counsel.

A recent instance of the reduction of literary culture to linear terms is provided by Dr. Eliot's widely-discussed selection of books for a five-foot shelf. This is a matter of much human concern; for it affects, not the plutocrat in his palace, but the toiler in his hovel—or his flat, to use the modern equivalent. Even the most modest example of that ingenious device for cellular housing will afford five feet of shelf-room somewhere, and the half-hundred books that fill it will be so *en évidence* that a good deal depends upon what kind of books they are. When Dr. Eliot made out his list, he probably attempted nothing more than to indicate, from his ripe educational experience, the sort of books



that should be kept near at hand by any person who really wished to come in contact with the best that had been thought and said in the world. It was a simple and helpful suggestion, similar to many others of its kind, made without a touch of dogmatism or intellectual arrogance. Doubtless the last thing in the world that Dr. Eliot meant to do was to sit in judgment upon the world's literature, or to winnow the wheat from the chaff. His was no selection of the "hundred best books," but merely the naming of a few that would be serviceable to the needs of the average serious reader. Returning to our metaphor, he picked up, almost at random, a handful of the grains of wheat, knowing full well that many other handfuls equally nutritive might be collected from the threshing-floor.

We should not have thought of discussing so trifling a matter were it not for the widespread interest and extraordinary comment it has evoked. The summer, as is well known, is the "silly season" in journalism, and it certainly has been improved to the utmost in the discussion of Dr. Eliot's list. Some writers have worked themselves up to a state of unwholesome excitement over it, and have called it "amazing," "astonishing," "ridiculous," "preposterous," and such-like names. Editors and professors and clergymen have taken its compiler to task and belabored him in a manner that must have excited the venerable Doctor's wondering surprise. One indignant Cantabrigian truculently wants to know by what authority the books listed are announced for re-publication under the style of "Harvard Classics"—as if "Harvard" were not a name that any tradesman in a free country might apply to a new soap, or a new breakfast food, or a new automobile!

This disturbance in celestial souls may be accounted for partly by the hot weather, and partly by the same sort of feeling that makes every man sure that he can poke an open fire better than anybody else, or concoct a more appetizing cocktail. Of course every reader knows, deep down in his own heart, that when it comes to making a list of the best books, he is the only one really competent to do it. Those who remember the discussion of Sir John Lubbock's list, twenty-five years ago, will recall many amusing examples of this species of self-conceit. It is the same with anthologies; and no compiler of a volume of selected poems ever completely satisfied any reader but himself. Schopenhauer tells us of a philosopher whose only weakness was

that he considered every one of his own beliefs to belong to the store of intuitive knowledge possessed by the entire human race. Dr. Eliot's list claims no more than exceptional fitness to keep the reader in line with what is normal and enduring in literature. Other lists, equally sound in principle and helpful in use, might easily be put together. It is no reflection on Shakespeare and the Bible to find them missing in the present case,—it simply means that some things may be taken for granted. Nor does the inclusion of some work in a special category—like "The Wealth of Nations," or "Dr. Faustus," or "Becket,"—mean that other works in these categories are discriminated against. And we can see no vital necessity for mirth or satirical comment in the fact that attention is drawn to such obscure writers as John Woolman and William Penn. Those who know and cherish these writers will understand; those who are brought to make their acquaintance will be grateful.

Any suggestion that tends to encourage the reading of good books deserves praise. That the books in Dr. Eliot's list are good books will hardly be denied; if the present year of grace produces any that will be reckoned, a century hence, to be deserving of inclusion in such a list, it will be beyond most years distinguished by that fact. All the galvanism of advertisement and puffery cannot keep a book alive if the vital principle is not in it. If we prefer, to take Ruskin's comparison, the society of stable-boys to the society of kings, we may have it a-plenty; but we may instead entertain royal guests if we choose, and they await our bidding to "give us manners, virtue, freedom, power." There is also much to be said for Dr. Eliot's counsel concerning the reading of good books. Their contents are not readily assimilated, and every hour spent over their pages requires several other hours of inward meditation for its proper intellectual fruition. We see nothing but a plain statement of simple truth in the declaration that a few minutes given each day to the reading of the books named, or of others that have been similarly tested by time, will in the course of years provide the essentials of a liberal education. There is no such thing as liberal education in the abstract, and no universal prescription will secure it; but every individual may acquire by his own efforts the particular liberal education which answers to his individual needs, and Dr. Eliot's recommendation is elastic enough to cover an infinite variety of cases.



A MAN FOR WHOM "WE HAVE A  
KINDNESS."

It is not only by such losses to the world of letters as were wrought by the recent deaths of Swinburne and Meredith that we of to-day are reminded how close we yet stand to that golden hundred years of British literature which opened with Burns and closed with Tennyson. Every month of this present twelve has brought some name to put us in mind of one or another of the great ones of that just-closed era of splendor; and now August calls back one who markedly was of that brilliant group which dominated the last century's earlier days. On the twenty-eighth of this month, a short fifty years ago, Leigh Hunt died at Putney — where the singer of the "Atlanta in Calydon" and "Laus Veneris" breathed his last, only yesterday, as it seems. To recall Hunt's life, however cursorily, is to look again along the half-happy, half-wretched, wholly-careless weeks and months of one who played, if a minor, yet a considerable part in the breaking down of the formalism which had come to rule eighteenth-century verse. Keats, as much as any other, shattered for all time the poetic fetters cast by Pope and his fellows; and Keats was influenced in his work by none more than by Leigh Hunt. Grant that Hunt's own lines must be said to "trot smartly, rather than fly," yet to him directly is due not a little of the freedom and lusciousness of "Endymion," — as was recognised by the surly old "Quarterly Review" when it first noticed that poem and called its author merely "a neophyte of the writer of the 'Story of Rimini.'"

"To know Hunt was to hold him in reverence and in love," wrote Lamb. "He is one of those happy souls who are the salt of the earth," was the tribute paid by Shelley, from whose melodious lips fell also the briefer phrase, perhaps best descriptive of the man, "He is constitutionally gay." "We have a kindness for Mr. Leigh Hunt," was the more dignified and eminently characteristic way in which Macaulay saw fit to state a truth that is still a truth; and Hawthorne, Emerson, even Carlyle, have preached to the same text. In brief, Hunt was such an one as it is good for a work-a-day world to pause and call up before its busy eyes. The part he played in the literature of his time was quite important enough to warrant one in using it now as an excuse to think once more of a man of real charm; amusing at times, pitiable at others, but first and last to be regarded only with a warm and tolerant affection. In every word he wrote he stands forth the exponent of a cheery, sentimental optimism; in every line he penned he poses the personification of some hoped-for future when nobody will be damned or in debt, — when everything will be but refined beer and skittles.

Born in a London suburb, October 19, 1784, he was christened James Henry Leigh, though the first two names were so promptly dropped as to be now forgotten. His father was a decayed planter of

Barbadoes, who, while studying in Philadelphia, married one of the Shewells; the son showing many a trace of the happy-go-lucky West Indian blood, and none at all of the methodical, thrifty little Quakeress. The boy was nothing if not impressionable. He himself tells the story of the deep effect made upon him by some early memory of the word "damn." He longed to voice the syllable and so make it all his own; and he tells how, a full fortnight after the thought had first lodged in his little head, he retired to the safe solitude of the back yard, where two or three several times he indulged himself in the round-mouthed pleasure of the word, and then, for weeks to come, whenever an aunt or elderly friend would pat him on the head with praise of this or that, he would torture himself with the secret accusation, "They little think that I'm the boy who said *damn!*"

Young Hunt followed Lamb and Coleridge at the "Blue Coat School" (Christ's Hospital), studying there for the eight years between 1792 and 1800, and leaving this not attractive summary of the day's routine:

"We rose to the call of a bell, at six in summer and seven in winter. . . . From breakfast we proceeded to school, where we remained till eleven, winter and summer, and then had an hour's play. Dinner took place at twelve. Afterward was a little play till one, when we went again to school, and remained till five in summer and four in winter. At six was the supper. We used to play after it in summer till eight. In winter we proceeded from supper to bed. . . . Our breakfast was bread (half of a three-penny-loaf) and water, for the beer was too bad to drink. For dinner we had the same quantity of bread, with meat only every other day. On the other days, we had a milk porridge, ludicrously thin, or rice-milk, which was better. For supper, we had a like piece of bread, with butter or cheese."

This does not seem much on which to feed a Pegasus, yet young Hunt's was already cantering, for, a year after his graduation (he was then only sixteen) his father published for him a volume of his poems. The "Lyrical Ballads," issued three years earlier, had never "taken" so far as the reading public was concerned, and Sir Walter's "Lay of the Last Minstrel" was not to see types for four years to come; "mouthy" Southey and Samuel Rogers, the latter more banker than poet, were at the moment dividing literary honors; and so it happened that these very juvenile pieces of young Hunt's, imitations of Spenser and Thomson, Collins and Gray, ran through three editions, to an accompaniment of popularity which cannot but seem strange indeed to-day.

A few years more, and the young man was contributing excellent dramatic and literary criticism to "The Traveller," a weekly owned and published by his brother John, and soon succeeded first by "The News" and then "The Examiner," Leigh eventually becoming editor as well as part proprietor of the last named. At this time, too, he married Marianne Kent. Their son Thornton, in the life of his father, has told us that she was the "reverse of handsome" and "wholly without accomplishments," which might seem a seeking after truth with all filial feeling forgot if we did not have the testimony on the other side of no less an one than Thackeray to tell us that

Marianne had a pretty figure, fine eyes, and magnificent black hair, with the further information that "she had a strong bent for the plastic arts."

These early years were given up wholly to "The Examiner," a daring sheet, strongly showing the influence which the French Revolution had exerted on English letters of the period. In 1812 it published an article on the Prince Regent, later George the Fourth, calling him "a fat Adonis of fifty," which was bad enough, but the paragraph went on to speak of the future king as "a violator of home ties," "a debaucher of the domestic hearth," "a companion of demireps," with other such phrases equally sure to demand "official" notice. The Hunts were arrested and brought to trial for libel, and, though defended by Lord Brougham, were sentenced to a fine of £500 and two years imprisonment. Leigh served his time in the Horsemonger Lane Goal, where he promptly and surely became the fashion of "the Opposition" of the time. The great Bentham himself came out to play shuttlecock; while Hazlitt and Byron, Moore and Lamb, Shelley and Keats, called almost daily, till the whole period, strangely enough, stood to the prisoner as one of the happiest he had known or was to know. His family was permitted to be with him; he was allowed a suit of rooms with a private garden; his parlor was re-papered for him in a trellised design with blue sky for a ceiling; his books, his busts, and his piano were installed for his greater comfort; and, above all else, his board and lodging was being cared for by a presumably outraged government. For once at least Leigh Hunt was pestered with no housekeeping cares. "The Story of Rimini," which he wrote at this time, and which was published soon after his release, was, not unnaturally, the best thing he had yet done. Certainly it gave him an acknowledged stand among the writers of the day, whilst its greatest praise is that it so largely influenced both Kents and Shelley.

The five years following his release were devoted in the main to his work for "The Indicator," a weekly not dissimilar from "The Examiner" (though seldom dabbling in politics), for which Hunt wrote the best of his essays. They were always cheerful, often fanciful, — "Some Thoughts on Sleep" being a typical as well as a delightful example. But when they touched upon literary criticism, one sees that the author of "Stories of the Italian Poets" is not always to be trusted, in spite of those two sound volumes. Hunt loved literature passionately and humbly; his best friends were books rather than men; and yet the major part of his criticism is distinctly of a hasty and temporary sort. He could, for instance, gush over Thomas Moore while voicing a disgust for Landor; he conscientiously placed Ariosto on a par with Milton, and thought Pulci the equal of Spenser. On the other hand, he was aptly accurate in calling the author of the "Faerie Queen" "the most luxurious" of English poets; he saw through Rogers and Southey, and had the foresight to name Wordsworth as the chief poet of his age.

During this period of his life, Hunt was an

intimate at the Countess of Blessington's *salon* at Gore House, where the Albert Hall now stands, till he permitted his too-ready pen to speak of his hostess as "a Venus grown fat," after which, quite naturally, her famous home no longer opened its doors to him. Then (1821) he went out to Italy as a sort of literary *attaché* to Byron, to whom he had dedicated his "Rimini," helping that "noble Lord" (along with Shelley and Hazlitt) to edit his short-lived "Liberal." Hazlitt soon ceased to write for the sheet; Shelley was drowned; and Byron and Hunt quarrelled, the latter returning to England (with Mrs. Hunt and the many little Hunts) to write a particularly disagreeable and wholly uncalled-for book.

The rest of Hunt's days were spent in or near London. He was at Highgate for a time, with its memories of Coleridge; at Epsom and at Brompton, at Kensington and at Chelsea. With Kensington his name is inevitably and always associated through "An Old Court Suburb," which must share with "Imagination and Fancy" and "The Italian Poets" the title of his best work. In Chelsea, where he lived from 1833 to 1840, Hunt is a figure not soon to be forgotten. The little house at No. 10, Upper Cheyne Row, where Leigh and Marianne spent their seven years of "tinkerdom," — half in rapture at the smell of the lime trees, half in terror as every knock at the door suggested duns and bailiffs, — has been described by their neighbor Carlyle in a paragraph all but classic. Who cannot see the chairs in that strange parlor halting in their mad hornpipe as the sage enters, with the gypsy-like children playing about in the littered room amongst last week's papers and the morning's breakfast fragments! Who cannot figure the host, in his tattered flowered dressing gown, offering the caller the one sound-looking chair of all and seating himself on a window-sill, to discourse, without apology, on literature and the rights of man! "Pitiable and lovable," truly; to be used "kindly, but with discretion."

Yet another picture of the man at this time comes in a story of Mr. Smith, the publisher, who tells of an early morning call which he received from the much-disturbed Mr. Hunt. The night before, Smith had paid him for the best of a year's work, the bank notes totalling £1000. Now the author came to explain that these precious notes, left trustingly in the rubbish on the parlor table, had been burned by Marianne in the only house-cleaning in that establishment of which there is record. Could they possibly be replaced? was the anxious question; and as it was put, the questioner gesticulated wildly with a tiny statue of a naked Psyche, which, in spite of his perturbation and threatened poverty, he had bought from a street peddler on his way to the office. Mr. Smith thought the matter might be untangled at the Bank of England, as he had fortunately retained a memorandum of the numbers of the notes; and together the two went down into the City. There they were shown into a back room in the solemn and unsightly home where "the old lady of Threadneedle Street" lives, and seated

themselves in the silent presence of three venerable clerks, bending over great ledgers on a green baize-covered table. The only light in the room came from a glazed skylight above; it was silent save for the scratching of those three pens, — all dreadfully different from anything to which Hunt had been used. He stood it as long as he could, and then, slipping quickly across to the table and laying a heavy hand on the shoulder of the nearest clerk, he asked, "And this is the Bank of England? And do you mean to tell me that you sit here all day long, writing with that nasty pen in that horrid old book, and never see the blue sky or hear the birds?" And then Smith captured the long-haired, wild-eyed man who had been waving that naked goddess before the startled eyes of the prosy employee. Does not the whole story eloquently suggest not only Hunt the impracticable visionary, but also that untidy, careless Marianne, who was forever borrowing this and that and the other from the Carlyles around the corner? The best single stanza Hunt ever wrote, "Jennie Kissed Me," a very masterpiece of trifling, bears witness to the same humorously pitiful stories; for "Jennie" was Jane Carlyle, and the chances are at least even that she kissed the author because he was at last bringing back some of the many articles which his wife had borrowed.

"Jennie kiss'd me when we met,  
Jumping from the chair she sat in;  
Time, you thief, who love to get  
Sweets into your list, put that in.  
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad;  
Say that health and wealth have miss'd me;  
Say I'm growing old, but add —  
Jenny kiss'd me!"

Hunt died on the 28th of August, 1859, "just exhausted." In view of Saintsbury's statement that there are not in all of his work twenty consecutive good pages, one may accept the dictum that he was "a genius in spots"; if the phrase may be permitted, a not inaccurate idea of his work may be gathered from the Wall Street term that he was "too extended." He wrote two religious books, and attempted an historical novel, "Sir Ralph Esher"; he tried his hand at some half-dozen dramas, only one of which, "A Legend of Florence," an attempt in the Elizabethan manner, was acted; while the bulk of his work, setting aside the poems, can be best described as miscellaneous casual essays and critical articles.

"He is a devilish good one," said Byron of Hunt, "quaint here and there, but with the sub-stratum of originality and with poetry about it that will stand the test." This poetry has not stood the test — though "Jennie Kissed Me," "The Glove and the Lions," "Abou Ben Adhem," and the sonnet on the Nile, are exceptions to the statement. The brief stanzas which tell the pregnant story of the oriental dreamer not only show Hunt's high talent for epigram, but are real poetry; while his finest and most famous line, "The laughing queen that caught the world's great hands," is not only the best nine-word description of Cleopatra, but is embodied in

fourteen lines justly held superior to the sonnets on the same subject written in competition with it by Keats and Shelley. Perhaps three other fragments of his verse may be included with these as of permanent worth. One is the sonnet on "The Cricket and the Grasshopper," also composed during the Horsemonger Goal days in friendly rivalry with Keats; the final six lines of a sonnet-sequence on "The Man and the Fish"; and the poppy stanzas in his "Song and Chorus of the Flowers." In the second case, Hunt achieves what is both Grecian and Jacobian in the lines:

"Man's life is warm, glad, sad, 'twixt love and graves,  
Boundless in hope, honoured with pangs austere,  
Heaven-gazing; and his angel-wings he craves:  
The fish is swift, small-needing, vague yet clear,  
A cold, sweet, silver life, wrapp'd in round waves,  
Quicken'd with touches of transporting fear."

The stanzas in which the poppies tell their story, too little known, are worth quoting entire.

"We are slumb'rous poppies,  
Lords of Lethe downs,  
Some awake and some asleep,  
Sleeping in their crowns.  
What perchance our dreams may know,  
Let our serious beauty show.

"Central depth of purple,  
Leaves more bright than rose,  
Who shall tell what brightest thought  
Out of darkness grows?  
Who, through what funeral pain,  
Souls to love and peace attain?

"Visions aye are on us,  
Unto eyes of power,  
Pluto's always-setting sun,  
And Proserpine's bower;  
There, like bees, the pale souls come  
For our drink with drowsy hum.

"Taste, ye mortals, also;  
Milky-hearted, we;  
Taste, but with a reverent care;  
Active, patient be.  
Too much gladness brings to gloom  
Those who on the gods presume."

Delightful at its best, Hunt's verse is trifling as a whole; there is a "feminine quality" about it, which, however pleasing at the moment, detracts from lasting strength. Sentiment too often merges into sentimentality; mere prettiness too often supplants real beauty.

Hunt was a bundle of contradictions. Widely read he was, yet was he no scholar. One may not actually term him a thinker, although now and again he voiced thoughts so sweet as to warrant Allingham in calling him an eglantine. At moments he showed unquestionably fine taste, but quite as often was he vulgar. His work again and again evidences that delicately light touch which counts for so much, but as like as not it would be employed on tedious subjects. Beyond all question, he was full of poetry; equally beyond all question, his verse was full of faults. Invariably busy, he accomplished comparatively little, because he could not accustom himself to what has well been called "the regular drudgery of miscellaneous writing." Finally, and perhaps



as a necessary corollary to the last statement, while he made much money he yet appears the shining example of those men who "allow" their friends to help them out. In 1844 he received an annuity of \$50 a month from the Shelleys; three years later there came to him a Crown annuity of \$1000 a year; twice Charles Dickens gave benefits for him; and yet he was always in debt. Considerable new light has been thrown upon the reasons for this chronic financial embarrassment, by some letters which have been published only this summer in London. The letters are written by Dr. Bird, who for many years was the family physician of the Hunts and intimately acquainted with their affairs. According to this authority, it was not so much Hunt's improvidence as his wife's extravagance and his good-natured indulgence that caused the trouble; and this explanation seems to be accepted by those best qualified to judge. Some new letters of Charles Dickens have also lately been published, in which the novelist, while not disavowing that his character of "Harold Skimpole" had originally been drawn, in a way, from Hunt, disclaims any intention of portraying Hunt in an unfavorable light, and expresses the sincerest regret that he should have been instrumental in casting a shadow over his friend's good name.

Somewhere in one of his delightful volumes, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell says that life holds for us no examinations at conveniently set intervals, when, as in the days of school and college, we may "catch up"; but however true this is of our own deeds and doings, there is a pleasant exception to be made to his statement through the growing custom of anniversary commemorations. Busied as the present-day world fitly is with its suffrage debates and stock decisions, its hardy gardens and Oriental problems, its child-raising and canal-digging, its prohibition campaigns and political crises, each year brings to its attention some names of the great ones of an often half-forgotten yesterday, asking a monument for one, a new "Complete Works" for another, possibly something approximating an international fair for a third, — and behold, under the agreeable fiction of modern progress we have gone back to re-read a page or two of the life of a generation more or less ancient from our Twentieth Century point of view. In that way we do "catch up," — review some early lessons, revive some dormant friendship.

Nineteen hundred and nine has led us to a generous share of just this, — with our mighty Lincoln, with that antithesis of his, John Calvin, with Darwin and Poe and Tennyson, and those two so different Doctors, the New England Holmes and the Old England Johnson; and among the other and lesser ones, FitzGerald and Milnes and Kinglake, we may well give a leisurely hour to Leigh Hunt. No man of his literary era is harder to summarize than he, in a phrase or a page; but neither is any other of his day more worth our affectionate recalling.

WARWICK JAMES PRICE.

#### CASUAL COMMENT.

OUR DEBT TO OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES is not to be discharged by any display of centennial fireworks in the shape of birthday orations and magazine articles commemorative of the inimitable Autocrat. Those who knew him in life, or who have even seen him on the speaker's platform and listened to his graceful utterance, whether in prose or in verse, will cherish his memory and will know that if he had never lived American letters and American life would be to-day something different and poorer than they actually are. His regard for the polite formalities and elegancies, in conduct, in speech, and in writing, was a lesson to his ruder fellow-citizens, and one that we daily and hourly tend to neglect. Twentieth-century hurry has in it little of that winsome urbanity which breathes in every page of the Breakfast Table series. Years ago a writer in the English "Quarterly Review" uttered this timely word: "Opinions so directly contrary in many respects to the main direction of American movement brought Holmes at one time into disrepute with the more advanced of his countrymen. He was accused of attaching excessive importance to conventionalities of dress, manners, and speech; he was charged with using his influence to starve and paralyze literary originality. To us it seems that his attitude was abundantly justified. The debt which the best American literature and all who in the Old World and the New appreciate its mixture of freshness and refinement owe to Holmes is very great. How great the debt was has not yet been fully recognized by his countrymen. When young America demanded that the political revolution which separated the Old and New Worlds should have its literary counterpart in a similar revolt, Holmes threw all his influence into the opposite scale. He urged, with keen satire as well as with the force of example, that even a Republic must recognize the laws of conventional decorum, and that those who enter the Temple of the Muses outrage propriety if they ostentatiously flaunt their working-dress." Dr. Holmes was the true Brahmin, in his books, in Beacon Street, everywhere and on all occasions. And yet that bright playfulness of humor which so distinguished him renders peculiarly applicable to him Cicero's words descriptive of another: "*Festivitate et facetiis . . . et superioribus et æqualibus suis omnibus præstitit.*"

GUESSING AT AUTHORSHIP is an old and favorite game, which has lately been put in a new form before the readers of "The Century." Probably most of those who read in the June number the first of the group of three stories dealing with the superstition of "Thirteen at Table" felt rather proud of their literary discernment in at once recognizing Dr. Weir Mitchell as the author. It will be remembered that the stories were published anonymously, but with the statement that each tale was by one of the following writers: Dr. Weir Mitchell, Mrs. Margaret Deland,

Mr. Owen Wister. The first story, "With the Coin of her Life," ranks highest of the group—a convincing, simple, yet scientific presentation of the mental effect of an *idée fixe* upon a young girl whose every faculty is concentrated on the determination to become a great actress. No one who read the story could fail to see the impress of Dr. Mitchell in theme and treatment—the psychology and pathology of the "case," the quiet observation, the little touches of reflective philosophy: all plausible proofs—only it now appears upon excellent authority that Dr. Mitchell did *not* write the story. It is Mr. Wister who has played a joke on the astute public by a brilliant and most successful masquerade—slipped into the Hippocratic cloak of the older novelist, and proved it so good a fit that probably few could honestly say that they had guessed his identity. Of course, according to the rules laid down by Poe in his "Purloined Letter," the readers should have known the story was not Dr. Mitchell's, because he was so obviously and glaringly indicated as its author; but the wisdom of Dupin is not common. Shrewd divinations of the identity of the two remaining "thirteen" story-writers are now in order.

. . .

AN INTERESTING ACHIEVEMENT IN BOOK-COLLECTING would be the getting together of all the curiously misprinted Bibles that have appeared in our language during the four centuries and a half that this most popular of books has been issuing from the press at the rate of tens of thousands of copies yearly. We have, for example, the "wicked" Bible, printed in 1631, which omits the negative from the seventh commandment, and which involved the printer in a little unpleasantness with the constituted authorities, ending in his reluctant payment of a three hundred pound fine. The "place-makers" Bible, of 1562, is so called from a substitution of *l* for *e* in one of the Beatitudes. The "vinegar" Bible has a little misprint in the heading of the chapter relating the parable of the vineyard. A slight typographical error in the sixteenth versé of Jude has given us a "murderers" Bible, and another trivial slip in the twenty-sixth versé of the fourteenth chapter of Luke added the "wife-hater" Bible in 1810 to the already long list of similar freaks. The "bug" Bible, the "to-remain" Bible, the "breeches" Bible, and only the biblical specialist knows how many more curious Bibles, are famous in bibliographic annals. To get them all together—on a twenty-foot shelf, if that would hold them—would be an achievement indeed.

. . .

THE ORDER OF THOUGHT AND THE ORDER OF SPEECH must be held to be about the same in the speaker's mind, however different the arrangement of noun, adjective, verb, and adverb, in different languages. In the course of his recent Sorbonne address on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Alliance Française, M. Paul Deschanel

said: "Our language is the simplest, in that it employs the fewest words, and . . . one speaks the words in the order in which one thinks them." Does he, then, seriously believe that Germans and Hungarians and Patagonians and Chinese transpose and rearrange their thoughts before putting them into words? Merely because he himself says, for example, "The daughter of the innkeeper has stabbed the son eldest of the alderman apoplectic with a fork at two times," while a German would announce the same tragic occurrence as, "The innkeeper's daughter has the apoplectic alderman's eldest son with a two-tined fork stabbed," does he think himself justified in declaring his to be the only natural and logical arrangement of the words used? In economy of terms, both the German and the Englishman would easily surpass him in this instance. The thought and its verbal expression, the psychology of the speaker and the peculiarity of his idiom, are closely correspondent. Hence the vast number and variety of languages and dialects, and hence the blessed impossibility of a universal language—even with all the aid that simple spelling has been deemed capable of giving toward advancing the claims of our own tongue as a *Weltsprache*.

. . .

A NOTED SCIENTIST'S LIBRARY is seeking a purchaser. The late Professor Simon Newcomb's books—a collection rich in works on astronomy, mathematics, and physics, and also containing many publications on economic subjects—are to be sold either collectively or in parts. Before the owner's death a type-written catalogue was prepared under his direction, and to any intending purchaser a copy of this will be sent upon application to the executor of the estate, at No. 1620 P Street, Washington, D. C. One of the saddest events too often following a famous scholar's death is the dispersion of that silent company of faithful friends and efficient aids in his studies, his carefully chosen books. One cannot but hope that Professor Newcomb's library may find its way, unbroken, either into the hands of some appreciative private owner or into the careful keeping and wise handling of one of our larger public or university libraries. The collection contains about 5000 books and 4000 pamphlets, and includes what is probably the most nearly complete astronomical library in this country, excepting only that of Harvard University.

. . .

THE PROPOSAL FOR AN EDWARD EVERETT HALE MEMORIAL has not yet taken definite form, but the offering for sale of Dr. Hale's long-time residence in Roxbury points the way to what might prove a very suitable and inspiring form for the memorial to take. If only his study could be kept in nearly the same condition as when he and his secretary made it one of the busiest of literary workshops, it would be a spot well worth visiting. The library, it seems, has been bequeathed to Dr. Hale's children,

to be equally divided among them; but inducements not wholly of a pecuniary character might be offered to ensure its preservation, nearly intact, in the room or rooms that it has so long occupied. The Aldrich house at Portsmouth, the Whistler house at Lowell, and, to go further afield, the Johnson house at Lichfield and the Shakespeare house at Stratford, have been made to serve as memorials of the most interesting and inspiring kind. So great-souled a man as Dr. Hale might well have, and doubtless will have, his name and memory attached to more than one form of literary or charitable or educational enterprise; but the preservation of his house as a place of unusual human interest is peculiarly appropriate.

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## COMMUNICATION.

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W. L. STODDARD.

Boston, August 10, 1909.



### The New Books.

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For wealth of opportunity to meet men worth knowing and to see events worth witnessing, few walks in life can compare with that of the enterprising and successful journalist. Sir Henry W. Lucy (he has been knighted since the appearance of his book) presents, in a volume entitled "Sixty Years in the Wilderness," some extremely readable chapters of personal and professional reminiscence covering nearly half a century of newspaper work, preceded by a period of dull toil in an uncongenial commercial pursuit. Emancipation from seven years' drudgery in the "Hide and Valonia Business," as his second chapter is entitled, with opportunity to join the staff of the Shrewsbury "Chronicle," must have been a joyful release indeed to the young man who began authorship in his twelfth year with an essay (still unpublished) on the less praiseworthy side of King David's character, followed two years later by a novel (also unpublished), with no plot in particular, and succeeded very soon thereafter by some metrical compositions that achieved publicity in the Liverpool "Mercury."

Something of the daring and self-confidence of genius early displayed itself in the young journalist's manner of breaking a road for himself through the wilderness of newspaperdom. Editor and joint proprietor of a weekly paper at the age of twenty, he experienced a rapid series of ups and downs—chiefly ups—until an assured position as manager of the parliamentary corps of the London "News," of which he was afterward for eighteen months editor-in-chief, and later a place on the staff of "Punch," in addition to his other appointments and engagements, enabled him very effectually to keep the wolf beyond howling distance of his door. Two years' editorship of the commercially unsuccessful "Mayfair," and the authorship of numerous magazine articles, two novels, and a number of politically reminiscent books, are also to be placed to his credit. A tremendous worker, but one whose execution is rapid and facile, and who (an important item) does all his writing through the medium of a stenographer, he has nevertheless found time for a good deal of play, including three visits to the United States and a trip round the world. To the general public, or that

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served to the extent that the dinner was not one of the regular weekly symposia. But it was given in the dining-room, at the table on which are carved the names of the staff, going back to the days of Mark Lemon."

The author's long familiarity with Parliament and parliamentarians enables him to give some very interesting descriptions and comparative estimates of the oratorical performances of Disraeli, Gladstone, Robert Lowe, John Bright, and other giants of debate, whose memorable speeches find few parallels in the more hurried and informal utterances of present-day legislators at Westminster. As to Gladstone's peculiarities, we read:

"His manner in speech-making was more strongly marked by action than was that of his only rival, John Bright. He emphasized points by smiting the open palm of his left hand with sledge-hammer fist. Sometimes he, with gleaming eyes — 'like a vulture's,' Mr. Lecky genially describes them, — pointed his forefinger straight at his adversary. In hottest moments he beat the brass-bound Box with clamorous hand that occasionally drowned the point he strove to make. Sometimes with both hands raised above his head; often with left elbow leaning on the Box, right hand with closed fist shaken at the head of an unoffending country gentleman on the back bench opposite; anon, standing half a step back from the Table, left hand hanging at his side, right uplifted, so that he might with thumb-nail lightly touch the shining crown of his head, he trampled his way through the argument he assailed as an elephant in an hour of aggravation rages through a jungle."

Contrasted with this we have the parliamentary appearance of Gladstone's great opponent.

"Disraeli lacked two qualities, failing which true eloquence is impossible. He was never quite in earnest, and he was not troubled by dominating conviction. Only on the rarest occasions did he affect to be roused to righteous indignation, and then he was rather amusing than impressive. He was endowed with a lively fancy and cultivated the art of coining phrases, generally personal in their bearing. When these were flashed forth he delighted the House. For the rest, at the period I knew him, when he had grown respectable and was weighted with responsibility, he was often dull. There were, indeed, in the course of a session few things more dreary than a long speech from Dizzy. At short, sharp replies to questions designed to be embarrassing he was effective. When it came to a long speech, the lack of stamina was disclosed, and the House listened to something which, if not occasionally incomprehensible, was frequently involved."

A significant note on Du Maurier, one of the author's old associates on the "Punch" staff, arrests attention.

"With failing health, he was apt to be influenced by low spirits. Success from a new avenue, sunlit by quite unusual glow of pecuniary reward, came to him too late. He never was the same man after he made his great success with 'Trilby.' I remember one night in the early summer, of the year of his death, dining with us at Ashley Gardens, he met an old friend. Talking about his next novel, Lord Wolseley asked what was the title. 'I think,' said Du Maurier, with a humorous smile, 'I'll call it "Soured by Success."'"

Written in a brisk and effective style, though with many of the lapses and inelegances of the current journalistic manner, "Sixty Years in the Wilderness" is likely to meet with such favor as to encourage the issue of a second volume, already half-promised in the preface to the first. Among the inaccuracies, typographical or other, of the book, one finds Mr. Howells writing to the author a letter from "Killery Point," which is almost an affront to historic old Kittery. The frontispiece portrait of Sir Henry (a photograph from Mr. Sargent's painting) represents the sitter as holding a quill pen in his left hand, nearly in the position for writing. Is the picture transposed, or is Sir Henry left-handed? Perhaps neither.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

#### TAKING STOCK OF DARWINISM.\*

It is a very difficult thing for the average man, who is not a special student of either science or philosophy, to realize that the Evolution theory is itself constantly in process of evolution. The publication of the "Origin of Species" fifty years ago led to a literally tremendous disturbance in the thought of the world on nearly all subjects. Only after a prolonged and bitter struggle did the Evolution idea begin to gain general acceptance. In spite of this long *Sturm und Drang* period, the acceptance of Evolution, when it finally came, was in the popular mind very largely uncritical. In particular there was, and still is, much confusion of thought as to the distinction between "Evolution" and "Darwinism." The idea that Evolution is Darwinism prevails very widely. On this account there is at the present a good deal of disturbance in the popular mind over the searching criticisms of Darwinism which have been made in recent years by such men as DeVries, Johannsen, and others. On the one hand, one hears anxious inquiries, from those who "believed" in Evolution on the supposition that scientific research had made it as solid and unchangeable as the rock-ribbed hills, as to whether "scientists" are giving up Evolution because it is an exploded doctrine. On the other hand come those eager to reopen the old battle with an accession of enthusiasm and courage engendered by the supposed

\* DARWIN AND MODERN SCIENCE. Essays in Commemoration of the Centenary of the Birth of Charles Darwin and of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Publication of the Origin of Species. Edited by A. C. Seward. Cambridge: The University Press. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

FIFTY YEARS OF DARWINISM. Modern Aspects of Evolution. Centennial Addresses in Honor of Charles Darwin. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

discovery of a weakening and wavering of the enemy. These triumphantly proclaim, and cite published statements in their support, that the scientific world is surreptitiously but not the less actually "casting aside the Evolution theory."

It is the writer's belief that the two books here under review will do much to correct such confusion of thought, by showing in an authoritative and at the same time untechnical and interesting manner what the present state of expert scientific opinion regarding Evolution and Darwinism is. Both books are symposia, each containing contributions from a number of different investigators; and both were prepared in connection with great gatherings of scientific men to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Charles Darwin. In general, both books have the same purpose. In method of treatment, the most noticeable difference is that which arises out of the fact that in one case ("Darwin and Modern Science") we are dealing with a collection of essays, while in the other case ("Fifty Years of Darwinism") we have a collection of addresses primarily intended for *viva voce* presentation. The latter mode of presentation obviously necessitates a somewhat different treatment than can be used in an essay.

"Darwin and Modern Science" is catholic in its subject-matter and cosmopolitan in its authorship. The volume opens with an "Introductory Letter to the Editor, from Sir Joseph Dalton Hooker." This, and the following essay on "Darwin's Predecessors," by Professor J. Arthur Thomson, are chiefly of historical interest. There follows a group of four essays dealing with the several primary factors of organic evolution as conceived by Darwin. These are: "The Selection Theory," by the illustrious exponent and developer of that theory, Professor August Weismann; "Variation," by the Dutch botanist Professor Hugo de Vries, whose studies of this subject mark the beginning of a new epoch in the investigation of the problem of organic Evolution, just as did Darwin's fifty years ago; Heredity and Variation in Modern Lights," an unusually temperate and well-balanced essay by the leading student of heredity at the present time, Professor Bateson of Cambridge University; "The Minute Structure of Cells in Relation to Heredity," by one who shares with Hertwig, Fol and Van Beneden the honor of having "solved the long-standing riddle of the fertilization of the egg, and the mechanism of "hereditary transmission," Professor Eduard Strasburger of Bonn.

The next three essays group about the relation of Darwin's work to anthropology. Schwalbe, one of the most eminent of living anthropologists, contributes a critical essay on "The Descent of Man." Professor Haeckel writes on "Charles Darwin as an Anthropologist," and J. G. Frazer, of Trinity College, Cambridge, discusses "Some Primitive Theories of the Origin of Man." The next three essays deal with the ontogenetic and phylogenetic records of the evolutionary process. The titles are: "The Influence of Darwin on the Study of Animal Embryology," by Professor Adam Sedgwick of Cambridge; and "The Palæontological Record," the first section on Animals, by Prof. W. B. Scott of Princeton, the second section on Plants, by Dr. D. H. Scott.

In the succeeding group of three essays there is discussed, from widely different view-points, one of the most fundamental of Evolution problems, namely, the influence of environment upon organisms. These essays are: "The Influence of Environment on the Forms of Plants," by Professor Georg Klebs of Heidelberg, known for his brilliant and thorough researches on this subject; "Experimental Study of the Influence of Environment on Animals," by Professor Jacques Loeb, the only American worker besides Professor Scott to appear as a contributor to the volume; and "The Value of Color in the Struggle for Life," by Professor E. B. Poulton of Oxford, who stands without a peer in the study of animal coloration.

Following these come three essays by Sir William Thiselton-Dyer, Dr. Hans Gadow, and Professor J. W. Judd, respectively dealing with the problems of the geographical distribution of plants and animals and with Darwin's service to the science of geology. Two essays, one by his son Francis Darwin, and the other by Professor K. Goebel of Munich, deal with Darwin's botanical work.

The next seven essays have to do with the relation of Darwinism to the so-called "humanistic" fields of thought. In many respects these form the most interesting part of the book. They show more clearly than any of the other essays how tremendous has been the influence of Darwin in fields far removed from those in which he himself worked. Thus, an essay by Dr. Jane Ellen Harrison, on "The Influence of Darwinism on the Study of Religions," begins with these words:

"The title of my paper might well have been 'The creation by Darwinism of the scientific study of Religions,' but that I feared to mar my tribute to a great name by any shadow of exaggeration. Before the publication of 'The Origin of Species' and 'The Descent of Man,' even in the eighteenth century, isolated thinkers, notably

Hume and Herder, had conjectured that the orthodox beliefs of their own day were developments from the cruder superstitions of the past. These were, however, only particular speculations of individual skeptics. Religion was not yet generally regarded as a proper subject for scientific study, with facts to be collected and theories to be deduced. A Congress of Religions such as that recently held at Oxford would have savored of impiety."

Other essays in this group deal with Sociology (Bouglé), Modern Philosophy (Höfding), Philology (Giles), History (Bury), and Psychology (Lloyd Morgan), in the relation of these subjects to Darwinism. The last two papers in the volume, by Sir George Darwin and W. C. D. Whetham respectively, have to do with Evolution in the inorganic realm; the subjects are "The Genesis of Double Stars" and "The Evolution of Matter."

It is obviously impossible within limited space to discuss separately each of the essays that make up this volume. The eminence of the contributors furthermore makes any commendation of individual essays by a reviewer appear like presumption. It can, however, properly be said that the volume as a whole forms a fitting and worthy tribute to Darwin's memory. It is a book that should be on the shelves of every library, whether public or private, which aims to reflect in its choice of books the progress of contemporary thought.

The aim of "Fifty Years of Darwinism," while in general the same as that of the book just under discussion, is less ambitious. The addresses in this volume all deal directly with biological topics in the narrower technical sense of the term. These addresses were delivered at a special Darwin Memorial meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, at Baltimore, on New Year's Day of this year. The first principal address, which gives the title to the volume, is by Professor Poulton of Oxford, who was the guest of honor of the occasion. The address is historical, dealing with the changes of opinion and ideas regarding Evolution which have come about since the publication of "The Origin of Species." It gains great charm from the wealth of anecdote and personal reminiscence which the author is able to contribute from his long acquaintance with men and affairs in English scientific life.

The other addresses (with two exceptions) deal with the several factors generally held by biologists at the present time to be of primary importance in organic Evolution, and present in summarized and popular form the results of the most recent investigations in those fields. A

simple list of the titles and authors will sufficiently indicate the scope of these essays and vouch for their excellence. These titles are: "The Theory of Natural Selection from the Standpoint of Botany," by Professor Coulter of the University of Chicago; "Isolation as a Factor in Organic Evolution," by President David Starr Jordan; "The Cell in Relation to Heredity and Evolution," by Professor Wilson of Columbia; "The Direct Influence of Environment," by Dr. MacDougal of the Carnegie Institution's Desert Botanical Laboratory; "The Behavior of Unit Characters in Heredity," by Professor Castle of Harvard; "Mutation," by Dr. Davenport of the Station for Experimental Evolution maintained by the Carnegie Institution; "Adaptation," by Professor Eigenmann of Indiana University.

The last two addresses in the volume are somewhat different in character. Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn writes on "Darwin and Palæontology," giving an interesting summary of his views as to the method of organic Evolution. The closing address is by President G. Stanley Hall, and has the title "Evolution and Psychology."

Altogether, these make an interesting and valuable set of papers, and form a notable demonstration of the flourishing condition of American biological science. In every case, the speakers were men who have achieved international reputation for the contributions which they have made to the study of Evolution.

RAYMOND PEARL.

#### AN OLD-TIME STATESMAN OF SOUTH CAROLINA.\*

The title to fame of some characters in history rests partly or wholly on some connection with another of far greater eminence. The slighting remark has often been made of Robert Y. Hayne, that his only title to fame is the fact that he drew from Webster one of his greatest oratorical efforts. The falsity of this assertion is now fully demonstrated by Mr. Jervey, in his new Life of Hayne, which is likely to prove one of the most important contributions of the year to American biography. He does this by setting forth the eminent public services of Hayne, both before and after his debate with Webster.

Hayne's life may be said to have been devoted to two things: the doctrine of Nullification, and

\*ROBERT Y. HAYNE AND HIS TIMES. By Theodore D. Jervey, Second Vice-President of the South Carolina Historical Society, etc. With portraits. New York: The Macmillan Co.



the industrial development of South Carolina. It is not difficult to see the relation of the former to the latter.

Hayne's rise was rapid, but not meteoric. He had gone the rounds of South Carolina politics before being pushed into the United States Senate, possibly a little prematurely, at the age of thirty-two, by John C. Calhoun, who had Presidential aspirations, and wanted William Smith, a supporter of Crawford, replaced by one friendly to himself. Though young in years and without Congressional experience, Hayne's position in the Senate was not inconspicuous. As a member of the Committee on Naval Affairs, he was the author of a bill to establish a naval academy. The question of internal improvements had been sidetracked by Monroe, and the Tariff was becoming the dominant issue. Conspicuous among the opponents of Clay's bill of 1824 were Webster in the House and Hayne in the Senate. Had both died at the close of this session, Hayne probably would now be regarded as the greater of the two. Just before the fight opened on the Tariff of 1828, Webster entered the Senate. By this time he was wavering; consequently the Boston merchants, when they desired to be heard against the bill, presented their protest, not to Webster, but to Hayne, to be by him laid before the Senate. In the end, Webster supported the act of 1828.

South Carolina pointed to economic evils as her reason for opposing the Tariff both in 1824 and 1828. As this failed to produce the desired result, she then resorted to another argument, which had been used before with telling effect, unconstitutionality and nullification. An effort was made to bring this into play in 1830, but the Union party was able to stave it off until the act of 1832 was passed.

Among the great leaders, the personal equation was not eliminated. Jackson had come to the Presidency without committal on the Tariff, but naturally had "low-tariff" leanings. Jackson and Clay were personal enemies; consequently, when Clay announced, in 1832, that to "maintain and strengthen the American system, he would defy the South, the President, and the Devil," there could be no wavering. Unfortunately for the cause of the opposition to the Tariff, but fortunately for the Union, Jackson and Calhoun also were at outs.

However much we may differ with Hayne on Nullification, we must recognize the greatness of the man in his devotion to a principle for its own sake, without being influenced by personal animosities or partisan rancor. He had appealed

to reason in the Senate, and had failed to stem the Tariff tide. He had devoted himself to the interests of South Carolina, and he now believed those interests so seriously threatened that an appeal must be made to the final resort, Nullification, and possibly to forcible resistance. He could do nothing more in the Senate; consequently he resigned, and became Governor of South Carolina,—not simply, as some represent, to make a place for Calhoun, but because the test of Nullification would be made in South Carolina and not in the Senate.

Mr. Jervy thinks that the strong expressions of nationality in Jackson's proclamation are only the voice of Livingston, his secretary of state. He also presents some evidence that the President had written strong words of approval to Hayne for his State's-rights views as expressed in the reply to Webster. Certain it is that he expressed no violent animosity for Hayne, while there is a not very well authenticated tradition that he threatened to hang Calhoun. Also, a few years later, Jackson invited Hayne to spend a day with him at the Hermitage. In view of this, one may be pardoned for wondering if Jackson would have allowed South Carolina to nullify, as he had done in the Georgia case, had it not been for his violent hatred of Calhoun. Probably not,—but who knows?

The question of Nullification settled, Hayne devoted himself with unremitting energy, for the rest of his life, to the industrial development of South Carolina. As population spread to the west, the problem of transportation was accentuated more and more. Hayne saw clearly that this must be solved, if the South was to hold her own, Tariff or no Tariff. As far back as 1821, he appears to have been the first to suggest the possibilities of a steam railroad connecting Charleston with Augusta and Columbia. He now took up the greater problem of crossing the mountains and tying the West to Charleston. His scheme was to cross North Carolina, Tennessee, and Kentucky, and reach Cincinnati. Again and again he reiterates that one motive of such connection was to tie together with bands of interest the different sections of the country, and so perpetuate the Union.

The scheme was worthy of a great industrial leader and a statesman. South Carolina subscribed liberally to the enterprise, as did also Tennessee; but difficulties were encountered in Kentucky, and Ohio did almost nothing. Calhoun once gave his approval to the plan, and even suggested that he might accept the

presidency of the road. Hayne never made any such suggestion about himself, but was overwhelmingly elected. Calhoun soon found objections to the French Broad route, resigned from the directorate, and worked for a route across Georgia to the Mississippi. One motive for this appears to have been a desire to sectionalize the country, tying the interests of the Southwest to the old slave states, and allowing the great Northwest to find its outlet through the East. So great was the opposition to his scheme that Hayne finally compromised on routes, only to see failure written over his project before his untimely death in 1839.

Concerning the great debate with Webster, it is not necessary to add much here. The notion that Webster completely demolished Hayne, once widely current, is no longer so generally accepted. Historically, except upon the great absurdity of Nullification and the beneficent influence of slavery, Hayne was nearer right than Webster. But herein is to be found the greatness of the latter when contrasted with the former. While Hayne was harking back to the past, and looking to a written instrument and its contemporary interpretation as marking for all time the bounds of development for the nation, Webster, perhaps somewhat unconsciously, had turned to the future, and in what on its face was only an apotheosis of the Constitution he really compressed into a few glowing sentences the national aspirations of a great people which we are still working out. Subsequent history has set its seal of approval on Webster rather than on Hayne.

A word should be said of Mr. Jervay's book as a bit of historical biography. First of all, he should be commended for giving us an entirely sympathetic account of Hayne, while at the same time condemning one of the great issues for which he fought, Nullification. He also deserves praise for setting before us the broad-minded patriot who appeared after his favorite issue of Nullification had been side-tracked. Is the undercurrent of hostility to Calhoun, discoverable throughout the book, to be justified? Perhaps so, because of his manifestations of littleness toward the main hero.

The author has made good use of source material, some of which, such as contemporary newspapers, is not readily accessible. But in the matter of construction, his work is not above criticism. Even his meaning is sometimes rendered obscure by involved sentences and antiquated punctuation. Quotations are very numerous. The author has hardly protected himself

against criticism on this score by his defense of Hayne on the same charge. Perhaps a more serious criticism is that he has attempted to delineate a national hero in a setting almost entirely local. Even for the period when Hayne was in Congress, the amount of space devoted to national and local affairs is not well balanced. All things considered, however, Mr. Jervay deserves our thanks for this study of a man who played a conspicuous part in one of the critical periods of our history. DAVID Y. THOMAS.

#### RECENT POETRY.\*

"The time has come to make an end. There are several motives. I find my pension is not enough; I have therefore still to turn aside and attempt things for which people will pay. My health also counts. Asthma and other annoyances I have tolerated for years, but I cannot put up with cancer." Thus grimly did the late John Davidson herald at once the collection of poems that should complete his score of volumes and the imminent end soon to be achieved of his own free volition. Dying, he left us another example of the tragedy of supersensitive intellect, too weak to cope with the brutal realities of existence. From

"A huckstering world, alike incensed  
By challengers and suppliants, and fenced  
About with adamantine hearts,"

he turned indignantly away, to become once more a

\* FLEET STREET, and Other Poems. By John Davidson. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

THE POEMS OF A. C. BENSON. New York: The John Lane Co.

APOLLO AND THE SEAMAN. By Herbert Trench. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

ARTEMISION. Idylls and Songs. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

IN ITINERE. Poems by George Norton Northrop. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.

ANDREA, and Other Poems. By Gascoigne Mackie. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.

OWEN GLYNDWR, and Other Poems. By Charles H. Pritchard. London: Arthur H. Stockwell.

WORLD-MUSIC, and Other Poems. By Frederick John Webb. London: Arthur H. Stockwell.

TOWARD THE UPLANDS. Later Poems. By Lloyd Mifflin. New York: Henry Frowde.

NIRVANA DAYS. By Cale Young Rice. New York: The McClure Co.

A MIRACLE OF ST. CUTHBERT'S, and Sonnets. By R. E. Lee Gibson. Louisville: John P. Morton & Co.

THE LIBRARIAN OF THE DESERT, and Other Poems. By Harry Lyman Koopman. Boston: The Everett Press.

ARTEMIS TO ACTEON, and Other Verse. By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE JOY O' LIFE, and Other Poems. By Theodosia Garrison. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

CONFESSION, and Other Verses. By May Austin Low. Boston: Shetman, French & Co.

SONGS OF SAINT BARTHOLOMEW. By Sara Hamilton Birchall. Boston: Alfred Bartlett.

part of the "silence in the ether." Life had become for him an obsessing horror. He could no longer bear the

"Awful lot  
To live with palsied souls and numb  
Affections! Higher courage not  
With sound of prayer or sound of drum  
In battle or in martyrdom  
Was ever shown by saint or knight."

And yet—strange perversity!—in this very city of dreadful night, in this very London with Fleet Street as its epitome, he could find matter for genuine poetry, and soar upon the wings of imagination into the purest heavens. "Fleet Street" is the name of his last volume, and the title of its most impressive poem—a poem which links the bricks of the city in cosmic unity with the rings of Saturn. The bricks are discontented, albeit an

"Indispensable, an integral  
Component of the world's most famous street,"

and continue envious of the rings of Saturn, although it is made clear that

"These seeming jewelled zones that shine so bright  
Are the mere wreck of matter, broken bits,  
Detached and grinding beaches of barren rock  
Hung up there as a menace and a sign;  
Circular strips of chaos unredeemed,  
Whirling in madness of oppugnant powers."

Urged to be proud of their "telluric destiny," the bricks reply as with one voice:

"Upon my cubical  
Content, and by our common mother, I  
Had rather shine, a shard of chaos, set  
In Saturn's glistening rings, the exquisite  
Enigma of the night, than be the unnamed,  
Unthought-of copestone or foundation-stone  
Of any merely world-distinguished street."

The application of this parable to the poet's own case is only too evident. The Crystal Palace, the railway station, and the automobile, are among the themes which he touches with the gleam of imagination, and he gives us a couple of new "Fleet Street Eclogues" in the old fantastic vein. But bitterness is the underlying note of his verse, and mordant irony its characteristic method of expression. Himself out of tune with life, he hears only discords and is powerless to effect their resolution.

"The Poems of A. C. Benson," in the form now published, are not new. The stout volume of more than three hundred pages is a selection from the contents of half a dozen previously published volumes. Mr. Benson is as fluent a writer of verse as of prose, and his poems are thoughtful, placid, and refined, but not distinguished. They may fairly be taken at his own valuation.

"I cannot sing as sings the nightingale,  
Frenzied with rapture, big with rich delight,  
Till lovers lean together, passion-pale,  
And chide the awestruck silence of the night."

"I cannot sing as sings the tranquil thrush,  
O'er dewy thicket and untrodden lawn,  
When early gossamers veil the frosted bush  
In the chaste freshness of the sparkling dawn."

"I cannot sing as sings the brooding dove,  
At windless noon, in her high towers of green,  
A song of deep content, untroubled love,  
With many a meditative pause between."

"I cannot sing as sings the dauntless owl  
His shout of horror at a dark dead hour:  
When the hair prickles, and startled watch-dogs howl,  
And night-bells clamour in the lonely tower."

"But I can sing as sings the prudent bee,  
As hour by patient hour he goes and comes,  
Bearing the golden dust from tree to tree,  
Labours in hope, and as he labours, hums."

We may say of this composition, as Mr. Saintsbury once said of Lamartine's "Le Lac," that it is so typically illustrative of the author's work as to make unnecessary the quotation of any further examples.

"Apollo and the Seaman" is a long poetic dialogue. The seaman, who has recently come ashore, is dispirited at the news that his ship has gone down.

"I heard them calling in the streets  
That the ship I serve upon—  
The great ship Immortality—  
Was gone down, like the sun."

The god, who in mortal guise is seated with the seaman at an inn, takes up the subject, and works around to the suggestion that the good ship Earth may in the end prove a more trustworthy craft.

"O wrestler into consciousness,  
Stand upon Earth! Away!  
Long hath the journey been by night,  
But rosetime breaks the day;  
Like a scroll I unfold the mountain-tops  
And the windings of the bay."

To the seaman's question, "Is there a hand upon the helm?" the answer is thus vouchsafed:

"Weigh thou thine own heart-fires,  
And her wash of overwhelming dawns  
And her tide that never tires—  
Her tranquil heave of seasons—flowers—  
All that in thee aspires."

How like an eagle on the abyss  
With outspread wing serene  
She circles!—thought rolls under her  
And the flash from the unseen.

But if thy former priestly ship  
Failed of the port assigned,  
The overwhelming globe takes on  
Her altar-flame of mind,  
See that the oils that feed the lamp  
Fail not."

And so, pursuing his high argument, the god opens the seaman's eyes to a deeper truth than he has ever visioned before, to the truth of the essential oneness of things, to the realization that a man's cherished individuality—which he so passionately hopes will be continued after his death—is but the product of a fleeting illusion.

"Through the death-veil—looming silvery—  
Through the self-veil's subtle strand,  
Dawns it not? For that dawn thy heart  
Hath eye—shall understand  
Before its seeping rock-walls melt  
And cracks the mortal band.  
For when once the whole consummate strength  
Of thy slow-kindling mind



Can see in the *heart's* light at length  
 All the strange sons of mankind,  
 Then the Earth — that else were but a strait  
 Rock-sepulchre — is new:  
 Of what account to it is death?  
 It is glowing, through and through,  
 It moveth, alive with a God's breath,  
 Translucent as the dew!"

This symbolical poem is vigorous and even rugged in expression, and has a nobility of thought and feeling that makes it akin to the ripest work of George Meredith. But the poem forms only a small part of the contents of Mr. Herbert Trench's significant volume, and other pieces claim our attention. The "Stanzas to Tolstoy" repeat the teaching of "Apollo and the Seaman," and we must reproduce one of them.

"The Man upraised on the Judean crag  
 Captains for us the war with death no more.  
 His kingdom hangs as hangs the tattered flag  
 Over the tomb of a great knight of yore;  
 Nor shall one law to unity restore  
 Races or souls — no staff of thine can urge  
 Nor knotted club compel them to converge,  
 Nor any backward summit lead them up:  
 The world spring wherein hides  
 Formless the God that forms us, bursts its cup —  
 Is seen a Fountain — breaking like a flower  
 High into light — that at its height divides;  
 Changelessly scattering forth, — in blaze and shower —  
 In drops of a trembling diaphaneity —  
 Dreams the God-breathings momentarily up-buoy  
 To melt a myriad ways. Those dreams are we  
 Chanted from some unfathomable joy."

And still again, in the lyric, "I Seek Thee in the Heart Alone," Mr. Trench expounds his transcendental philosophy.

"Fountain of Fire whom all divide,  
 We haste asunder like the spray,  
 But waneless doth Thy flame abide  
 Whom every torch can take away!"

"I seek Thee in the heart alone,  
 I shall not find in hill or plain;  
 Our rushing star must keep its moan,  
 Our nightly soul its homeward pain."

"Song out of thought, Light out of power,  
 Even the consumings of this breast  
 Advance the clearness of that hour  
 When all shall poise, and be at rest."

"It cracks at last — the glowing sheath,  
 The illusion, Personality;  
 Absorbed and interwound with death  
 The myriads are dissolved in Thee."

The Meredithian glow and opulence, the Meredithian swiftness of intellectual motion, are evident in these examples, as throughout Mr. Trench's volume. How high is his ideal of the mission of song may be seen in the following "Stanzas on Poetry," in which the muse counsels the singer and exalts his lofty calling.

"In thee Man's choir assembles, and finds tongue!  
 Thy soul like Roland's horn of echoes flung  
 Must seize the mountains that it gropes among,  
 Must strike and must betray the Invisible —  
 Black peaks that like a crowd of humbled Gods  
 Attend the benediction of the Dawn!"

"Sing Valour, from the cradle to the pyre!  
 Sing thine own country's glories, grief and ire;  
 Hear thou the voice of every greenening brier;

And in thy song let all her woods be temples,  
 Her rude heights and calm headlands clothed in foam  
 Nerve thee, and be within thee fortitudes!

"Sing Love, and all that counteth not the cost;  
 And many a beautiful and unborn ghost  
 (Even as the ever-widening starry host  
 Steals from the luminous blue gulfs of evening)  
 Softly shall join your ring of auditors  
 Outside the sitters round the Tavern-fire."

Some reprinted pieces, and a greater quantity of hitherto unpublished verse, are given us in Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "Artemision: Idylls and Songs." The new matter consists chiefly of three long poems, "Idylls of the Huntress," picturing the goddess in her character as the implacable foe of earthly passion. We will extract a passage from each of the three, beginning with these lines from the tragedy of "Leto's Child," the nymph Callisto transformed into a bear.

"See here  
 The end of that hot charioteer  
 Who gives the loose rein to that horse  
 That needeth most the bridle's force!  
 Nor boots to tell how Arcas grew  
 Mighty hunter, or how he slew  
 Unknowing his mother; nor how She  
 That loved her still raised her to be  
 A starry wreath when Heaven lies clear:  
 So in the sky men watch the Bear  
 Mount with the shining host, and tell  
 What was Callisto ere she fell.  
 And thus sink they who serve Beauty  
 Otherwise than on bending knee,  
 Or dare to quench their fleshly dreams  
 At holy wells, in holy streams  
 To bathe their bodies. Beauty is rare  
 And delicate withal, so fair,  
 And thin a fabric, 'tis a breath  
 Of God's, whose prisoning is death."

In "The Niobids," octosyllabics give place to heroic couplets.

"Still gazing stood that mother, stricken blind,  
 Rigid in grief that stony is and numb,  
 For that it biteth in and leaveth dumb  
 The lips, and scaleth up the fount of tears:  
 And still, men say, her lonely image rears  
 A marble head among the empty hills,  
 But now 't is scored about with countless rills  
 Whereby the traveller, hearing all the waters,  
 Knows Niobe weeps yet her sons and daughters.  
 For having pity on that grief so dry,  
 Our Lord Apollo gave her grace to cry:  
 Kinder than She (whose kindness were to kill),  
 The Mistress of the cold nights on the hill;  
 Whose footfall is the songing of the trees,  
 And her white splendour seen when moonbeams freeze  
 The bleach earth huddled lowly on the plain;  
 Who slays and passes, looking not again;  
 Who, all too lovely to be loved, still goes  
 Guarding with steadfast eyes her breast of snows."

A stanzaic form is chosen for "Latmos," which is a new version of the myth of Endymion. The goddess has spoken her last words to him, and put him to sleep.

"With that her pure throat let a little moan  
 That she was made so fair, that all alone  
 Her way must be, until in mortal man  
 That grace of God be given to look upon  
 Beauty for what it is, not what it can  
 Give unto us for sop to batten on."

"So she with light upon her like a wreath  
Of stars sped on her way with undim'd breath.  
One little sigh she suffered, such as Gods  
May know, who watch our footsteps far beneath  
Their skyey thrones—envying our abodes,  
Envying our lives of love, perhaps our death."

Mr. Hewlett is also a Meredithian, as we have long since known from his prose; as a writer of verse he rather emphasizes the Meredithian vice of obscurity then the penetrating Meredithian vision.

We always welcome the little books of verse that come to us from Oxford. They are not tumultuous calls from the world of action, but gentle reminders that there still remains somewhere, for those who care to seek it out, a world of contemplation in which the fever of life is soothed. Such a reminder is offered by Mr. G. N. Northrop's "In Itinere," and particularly by the little set of verses entitled "Stars."

"The azure hive above is bright  
With swarms of golden bees:  
They glitter in the summer night  
Above the plum'd trees.

"Dear alchemists of light they sing  
About their heavenly task:  
They circle on with tireless wing  
And no respite they ask.

"They store their treasure in the skies  
For those to taste who will:  
Their songs are full of sweet surprise  
For those whose lips are still."

We must reprint one of Mr. Northrop's many beautiful sonnets, and our choice shall be "For Ever," because of its harmony of grave diction and ripened thought.

"They prate of that eternity that glows  
Beyond the shadowed barriers we spend  
Our powers to mount: they tax their hours to rend  
The veil, whose pattern dark with secret woes  
Embroids our days and vanquishes repose.  
They tell us that this dusty journey's end  
Will bring unending peace and rest to mend  
The bruised members from terrestrial blows.

"Believe them not! The hour at hand must reap  
In joy her own reward. To-day is part  
Of all eternity: the soundless deep  
Lies under, not beyond. The valiant heart  
Need seek no kingdom o'er the unmapped sea,  
Discovering here and now his sovereignty."

This is the wisdom of Goethe; in fact, it is practically a paraphrase of a famous quatrain of "Faust,"

"Thor, wer dorthin die Augen blinzend richtet," etc.

An Oxford poet naturally thinks of Shelley, to whom the writer now under consideration pays exquisite tribute in a series of octave stanzas, two of which we quote.

"Eternal friend to all aspiring youth,  
Born in a storm-torn age to break Wrong's reign!  
Impatient seeker of the hidden truth,  
We mourn not thee, but those who call thee slain.  
The wings of morning never droop nor tire,  
Nor light grows weary of her crystal task:  
The cloud that so obscures man's high desire  
Is his own making, and a needless mask.

"Upon the altars of thy thought flamed bright  
The Vestal fires of Truth: thy God was kind,  
Not made with hands; nor worshipp'd aright  
Except in deeds and longings unconfin'd  
By barriers man-fashioned, absolute;  
Through all thy days the heart's clear rhapsody  
In gladness prayed and not one hour was mute:  
And on thy lips a constant melody."

"Andrea," by Mr. Gascoigne Mackie, is an incident of adventure in the Basque Pyrenees, a story of simple peasant kindness amplified in the Wordsworthian manner. Other longish poems in the little volume give us further philosophic moralizings occasioned by rather trivial matters. The sonnet on "The Shelley Memorial" at Oxford will best serve us for illustration.

"Above him hangs a sapphire-coloured dome  
Superb with stars: but through the rifted floor  
Breaks like eternity—his metaphor—  
The light beyond. We envy not dead Rome  
His little dust: for here—by fire and foam  
Twice-purged from every stain of mortal wrong,  
Th' imperishable soul of passionate song  
Even thy spirit, O Shelley, finds a home!

"Here, through the ages, shall thy shrine be shown;  
Here, vindicated, on thy pyre sublime  
Lifted above the ebb and flow of time,  
The world shall pay thee homage, and shall own  
More strong than privilege and power and pride,  
Genius—of all her martyrs justified."

Mr. Charles H. Pritchard, who is the author of "Owen Glyndwr and Other Poems," cultivates the ballad form of composition, and writes lays of the legendary past after the fashion of Macaulay.

"Afar, on London's fortress vast  
Where carrion birds were fed,  
Stern Edward, ruthless to the last,  
Spiked brave Llewelyn's head,  
And with derisive ivy bound  
The brows fond Cambria's gold had crowned.

"As fast through Wales the tidings spread  
Her bright-eyed maidens wept,  
Her bards, to grace the Hero-Dead,  
Their thrilling harp string's swept,  
And place to greet Llewelyn gave  
With Arthur and Cadwalla brave."

Thus in stirring jog-trot rhythm the poet sings of heroes dead and gone. Now and then he writes in lighter vein, as when he thus discourses of primitive man:

"He captured the girls he would wed,  
And clubbed them to keep them afraid;  
He worshipped the ghosts of his dead;  
He revelled in blood-feud and raid;  
The price of slow progress he paid  
In ages of errors and woes,—  
To struggle till evil shall fade  
Man in the beginning arose."

Mr. Mackie is most serious in his sonnets, of which "John Bunyan" is a good example.

"Immortal Dreamer! vainly was thy sight  
By rage Satanic veiled in prison shade,  
For Grace divine came swiftly to thine aid  
And showed thee Christian, victor in that fight  
Whence foiled Apollyon winged his dragon flight;  
And taught thee how to traverse, undismayed,  
The Valley of the Shadow, though waylaid

By all that could the sinful soul affright.  
 Oft didst thou sojourn in Immanuel's land  
 Where amid fountains, flowers, and foliage green  
 The Hills Delectable, sun-crested, stand;  
 Whence by the Shepherds' glass is partly seen,  
 High o'er the gloomy river's farther strand,  
 The great Celestial City's glorious sheen."

Mr. Frederick John Webb writes of "Poetry" in this exalted strain:

"I hold within my hand  
 The gift of vision and song.  
 From the twilight, shadowy land,  
 Where spirits immortal long  
 For the touch of an earth-born hand,  
 Come dreams and the spring of song.

"I bring, deep in my heart,  
 Passion and passion-won peace;  
 And visions that never depart,  
 And songs that will only cease  
 When the wayfaring, weary heart  
 Shall rest in the infinite peace.

"And in my soul are born  
 Dreams of the splendour of God;  
 To the soul of a creed outworn,  
 To the soul of the earth-bound clod  
 I call, and the souls, new-born,  
 Are merged in the new-born God."

Mr. Webb also writes sonnets of exceptional beauty. We quote the sextet only of the sonnet on "Tristan and Isolde."

"Wounded to death, in throbbing agony,  
 I dream of beauty, where my lips may drink  
 A draught of life, outlasting death's rude gust;  
 Beyond the stars, beyond eternity,  
 I hold but love, and leave all else to sink  
 To ancient chaos and unconscious dust."

We must also quote the latter half of "The End of the Day," which is the envoy of the collection.

"Though our dream-songs all are flown  
 With the day on golden wing,  
 Yet the seed in morning sown  
 Aftermath of youth shall bring.

"In the night's impassioned strength  
 Prisoned nature bursts her bars;  
 Homeward we shall turn at length,  
 Reaping wisdom from the stars."

Seven lyrics and fifty sonnets make up Mr. Lloyd Mifflin's latest volume, called "Toward the Uplands." The most important of the lyrics is an ode to "The Thrush," in the manner of Keats. The following section fairly carries the burden of the poem's underlying thought, and may, without too much violence to the context, be given by itself.

"Vain is the wish! 'Tis not for me  
 To touch thy feet in minstrelsy.  
 The world hath need of sterner word  
 Than I, or thou, O darling Bird,  
 Could e'er articulate.  
 For thou art circumscribed by fate  
 In all thy melody;  
 The little circle of thy lay, elate,  
 Turns ever round thy mate and thee!  
 Thou hast no prescience in thy song  
 And so thou dost not feel  
 The agonies that come from Wrong  
 Dealt unto human weal.

What canst thou know of deep vicarious pain  
 In bosoms such as ours?  
 Of aspirations daily slain?  
 Of javelins in the quivering soul  
 From onset of the worldly powers?  
 What canst thou know of death, and famine's dole?  
 Or of the rising, world-ensanguined flood,—  
 The crimson trend of temporal things,  
 While tiger-hearted Kings  
 Lap, with their thirsty swords, the Nations' blood?"

From Mr. Mifflin's sonnets it is difficult to make a selection, so many and deserving are the claimants for distinction. "Sunset over Camelot" may be given for the richness of its imaginative coloring.

"Faint, bannered towers of strange magnificence  
 Loom on the verge of evanescent steep.  
 Donjons, dismantled, crumble into moats  
 Of liquid jasper. Dim-emblazoned gates  
 Open on sumptuous aisles, where columned courts  
 Lead up to golden domes. And clarions blow,  
 Far off, to spectral hosts, where faintly seen,  
 Dissolving Legions girt with spear and plume,  
 File on in purple pomp. Raised Phoenix-wings  
 Of cloud, burn into life. With scarlet scales,  
 Pythons—whose tongues belch flame—in dragon-coils  
 Fade in unfathomed antres of the air  
 Whose darkest depths flash splendor; over all,  
 The encrimsoned Wyverns beat their vans of fire."

So opulent in diction is this poem, that the absence of rhyme is hardly realized.

The poems which Mr. Cale Young Rice calls "Nirvana Days" fall into "non-dramatic" and "more or less dramatic" groups. The latter group contains the more vigorous work, and we should be glad to quote such a poem as "In the Flesh," for example, did space allow. But we must rest content with "The Soul's Return," a quiet and sincere lyrical meditation.

"Let me lie here—  
 I care not for the distant hills to-day,  
 And the blue sphere  
 Of far infinity that draws away  
 All to its deep,  
 Would only sweep  
 Soothing the farther from me with its sway.

"Let me lie here—  
 Gazing with vacant sadness on this weed.  
 The cricket near  
 Will utter all my heart can bear to heed.  
 Another voice  
 Would swell the noise  
 And surge, that ever sound in human need.

"Let me lie here:  
 For now, so long my wasted soul has tossed  
 On the wide mere  
 Of mystery Hope's wing alone has crossed,  
 I ask no more  
 Than to restore  
 To simple things the wonder they have lost."

The most important group of Mr. R. E. Lee Gibson's sonnets is of Mexican inspiration, and "Oaxaca" is a typical example.

"These hills, they say, are veined with precious ores;  
 Silver and gold their granite hearts contain,  
 Whereof each year, the toil-worn miners drain,  
 Out of the rocks, immeasurable stores.



Exhaustless Ophirs, to these alien shores  
 They lured, of old, those dauntless sons of Spain,  
 Whose mighty galleons plowed the Spanish Main,  
 Fraught with the wealth which here the earth outpours.  
 Hills of Oaxaca, from your aureate mould,  
 Pure hearts have sprung here, like your native gold;  
 Hearts that loved Freedom, and divined her day:  
 Intrepid Diaz, valorous and true,  
 Like Juarez, here the breath of life first drew;  
 Immortal names that shall not pass away."

Two longer poems, their themes taken from Christian legend, fill out the measure of Mr. Gibson's volume of refined and unpretentious verse.

From a professional librarian we expect bookish verse, and Mr. Harry Lyman Koopman gives it to us, with something besides. His long titular poem, "The Librarian of the Desert," has for its subject the great library of the Senussi brotherhood, in the oasis of Kufra, in the heart of the Libyan Desert. This library was removed in 1893, borne upon the backs of several hundred camels, from its more exposed northern location to its present home three hundred miles farther away from danger. The following passage describes the journey.

"So, day after day  
 For a score of days we press  
 Ever our southward way  
 Through a wilder wilderness,  
 To the region set apart  
 In the desert's deepest heart  
 To shelter our sacred lore.  
 There at last shall we halt,  
 Where the oasis lies enisled  
 In a hundred leagues of sand  
 That surge on every hand,  
 By the hot winds driven and piled  
 Barren as ashes or salt.  
 But, to the Faithful's eyes,  
 A blessed bound it lies,  
 No foeman shall pass o'er."

And the Truth forevermore  
 From the desert, as ever of yore,  
 On earth shall be shed abroad;  
 And the gardens of earth that bloom,  
 The gardens no less shall become  
 Of the holy Faith, and man,  
 In the desert brought face to face  
 With the infinite blessing and ban,  
 Shall live in every place  
 As under the eye of God."

The verse contained in Mrs. Wharton's "Artemis to Actæon" has the qualities to be expected from that accomplished writer. In her poems, perhaps more than in her stories, we find great refinement of feeling, subtlety of thought, and a diction that will bear close critical scrutiny. Intellectualized and spiritualized in a high degree, it provides the satisfaction that may always be got from intercourse with a rich and serious mind. These very characteristics place it outside the category of poetry in the pure spontaneous sense; it is too sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, its artifice is too evident, its song (as far as it sings at all) does not well straight up from the heart. What we have said

may be well enough illustrated by a passage from the titular poem, in which Artemis gives Actæon an elaborate explanation of the dullness of life upon Olympus, and of the reasons which prompted her to accept his worship and to slay him for his temerity. He has, she urges, no reason to complain,—

"For immortality is not to range  
 Unlimited through vast Olympian days,  
 Or sit in dull dominion over time;  
 But this—to drink fate's utmost at a draught,  
 Nor feel the wine grow stale upon the lip,  
 To scale the summit of some soaring moment,  
 Nor know the dullness of the long descent,  
 To snatch the crown of life and seal it up  
 Secure forever in the vaults of death."

There is more of vitality in the poem which comes a little later in the collection, taking the form of a dramatic monologue spoken by Vesalius when nearing the end of his days in exile. But even these words offer but a pale reflection of life itself. Mrs. Wharton's verse reveals only the grayer aspects of human existence, and has its being in the shadows.

"Age after age the fruit of knowledge falls  
 To ashes on men's lips;  
 Love fails, faith sickens, like a dying tree  
 Life sheds its dreams that no new spring recalls;  
 The longed-for ships  
 Come empty home or founder on the deep,  
 And eyes first lose their tears and then their sleep."

Thus opens the poem called "Non Dolet." The title makes a brave pretense, but its irony is too evident.

Mrs. Theodosia Garrison's poems offer a refreshing contrast to the drab coloring of the pieces just mentioned. "The Joy o' Life" is their collective title, and it finds expression in buoyant sentiments set to swinging rhythms.

"Oh, the Joy o' Life she calls me from the valley,  
 Oh, the Joy o' Life she hails me from the height,  
 And her voice is like the thrill of the thrush when noon is  
 still,  
 And her laughter is the lilting of delight.  
 I follow through the sunshine and the moonshine—  
 (Oh, I have seen the waving of her hand!)  
 In the paths that know the fleet, flying touches of her feet,  
 At the music of her mocking of command."

A favorite form with this writer is a sort of symbolical parable in ballad form, such as "Stains."

"The three ghosts on the lonesome road  
 Spake each to one another,  
 'Whence came that stain about your mouth  
 No lifted hand may cover?'  
 'From eating of forbidden fruit,  
 Brother, my brother.'

"The three ghosts on the sunless road  
 Spake each to one another,  
 'Whence came that red burn on your foot  
 No dust nor ash may cover?'  
 'I stamped a neighbour's hearth-flame out,  
 Brother, my brother.'

"The three ghosts on the windless road  
Spake each to one another,  
'Whence came that blood upon your hand  
No other hand may cover?'  
'From breaking of a woman's heart,  
Brother, my brother.'  
  
"Yet on the earth clean men we walked,  
Glutton and Thief and Lover;  
White flesh and fair it hid our stains  
That no man might discover.'  
'Naked the soul goes up to God,  
Brother, my brother.'"

This writer does not avert her gaze from sorrow and evil, but faces them with a brave front and a determination not to be cowed.

"God gives the battle to the strong—  
His heroes armoured with their might,  
To those undaunted souls who fling  
Light laughter to sore suffering  
And dare to stand, resist, and smite."

This exultant note is the dominant one from beginning to end of her volume.

"Confession, and Other Verses," by Miss May Austin Low, again invites us to the mood of melancholy.

"Chill is the night: Cold stars  
Creep from the clouds, and stare  
Down on the fields afar—  
And branches brown and bare.

"Chill is my soul: Cold winds  
Spring from the past, to press  
Their hands upon my heart, and wake  
Grief's unforgetfulness."

Religious musing is an important element in Miss Low's verse, and supplies what is perhaps its prevailing note.

Miss Sara Hamilton Birchall, on the other hand, chirps cheerily of the joyous and care-free life in her "Songs of Saint Bartholomew." The *sursum corda* appeal is heard even in those pieces which admit the existence of a shadowy side of the human pilgrimage, as in these stanzas on "The Failures."

"We burn our youth out gaily,  
And, faith, we had our fun.  
We laughed and dreamed and trusted Luck,  
And now, at last, we're done.

"The river is our kinsman,  
Fettered and foul and blue,  
With his yearning lap at the arches  
Where the tug-boats elbow through.

"One day, when the farce is ended,  
He'll give us a friendly bed,  
When the New Year's caught us napping  
With a gray, dishonoured head.

"Not yet we'll claim our lodging,  
Good cousin, your sheets are damp—  
The bitter east wind snatches  
At the flame of the flaring lamp.

"Not yet. We'll risk our fortune,  
If the game goes up again,  
We'll kiss Marie at the corner,  
And try your rest-house then."

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

#### BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*An old mystery  
newly explored.*

A thesaurus of what, for want of a better name, we will call information with regard to the status of the "Lost Dauphin" controversy is offered in the volume entitled "The King Who Never Reigned" (John McBride). There are several paragraphs of preface by M. Jules Lemaitre, a reprinting of the old "Memoirs upon Louis XVII." by the Royalist Eckard, a hundred pages of extracts from the memoirs of the insane imposter Naundorff, an epilogue which supplements the memoirs to the extent of furnishing a biography of the enthusiast, an appendix explaining the circumstance on which the false Dauphins founded their claims and giving an account of the procedure of a dozen more prominent pretenders among the hundreds who appeared; and, finally, the ingenious essay by M. Joseph Turquan entitled "New Light on the Fate of Louis XVII." M. Turquan, who has found no new evidence but has made a careful independent study of the documents that exist, proves—to his own satisfaction, at least—first, that the royal child was assassinated in the Temple on January 19, 1794, between eight and nine o'clock at night; second, that he was buried in the moat at once and secretly; third, that a child who suffered from an incurable disease was put in his place, and that this child's death was announced to the world as the death of the Dauphin; and, fourth, that the Dauphin's sister, the Duchesse d'Angoulême, learned the whole story shortly after her return to France, but, having been bound to secrecy by an oath, was careful never to reveal it. It would seem that M. Turquan's evidences are somewhat scanty to cover so considerable an extent of territory. The book, however, has interest and value as an epitome of a famous historic controversy which has long raged in France and found expression in our own country nearly a half century ago in the phrase "Have we a Bourbon Among Us?"

In an octavo volume uniform with a liberal-minded the three containing his "Autobiography" and "Pilgrimage to the Wise Men of the East," there is issued by the same publishers (Houghton Mifflin Co.) a selection from the late Moncure D. Conway's half-forgotten or out-of-print or unpublished writings, under the title, "Addresses and Reprints, 1850-1907," with a brief biographical introduction, a frontispiece portrait of the author in his old age, and an eight-page bibliography of his writings. Two of the longest articles reprinted in the volume—"Free Schools in Virginia" and "The Golden Hour"—are no longer of very live interest in themselves, dealing as they do with the establishment of public education and with the removal of negro slavery; but as illustrating the growth of the author's mind and the development of his skill and power as a writer, they are not out of place. Other chapters, as those on "The Gospel of Art," "Sunday Opening of Exhibitions,"

"Public Service," "Dogma and Science," William Penn, and Ellen Dana Conway (the author's wife), are better worth reading for their own sake. As a whole, the book impresses one with its writer's mental and spiritual freedom and dignity, and also with his mastery of a graceful and effective literary style. Among the forcible utterances of the article on "Public Service," let us quote the following: "Whenever a nation makes a conquest, it must live up to it or down to it; must surround every subjugated country with a Monroe doctrine, ever expanding till it involves hostility to the whole world and loss of that free-will which alone can really inherit the earth and enjoy it." As a reverent free-thinker, a sane and safe radical, and an ardent lover of and seeker for truth at any cost, Mr. Conway deserves the widest possible reading.

*Last messages of a reverent Liberalist.*

Whatever Professor Goldwin Smith writes is worthy of the attention of all serious-minded people. He names the volume containing his last religious messages "No Refuge but in Truth" (Putnam). Although the beautifully printed book contains less than a hundred pages, yet, like the tiny branches of a loaded fruit-tree, they are richly stored with great thoughts and noble sentiments. The nine chapters contain discussions in miniature of such supremely important themes as "Man and his Destiny," "New Faith Linked with Old," "The Scope of Evolution," "The Limit of Evolution," "The Immortality of the Soul," "Is there a Revolution in Ethics?" "The God of the Bible," and others. The book closes with a brief discussion of "The Religious Situation." While there is little that is really original in these beautifully-moulded testimonies, they present many spiritual truths in a very fresh and helpful manner, the frank expression of a fearless mind. There is here no traditional or scientific dogmatism. To the aged veteran in the service of many high causes, the conclusion of the whole matter lies in this simple statement: "There is no refuge for us but in truth." Professor Smith accepts the doctrine of Evolution, but contends that merely materialistic evolution fails to account for man's higher nature, which calls for other than physical explanation. A hint toward what Evolution fails to explain in man is found in the sentence, "Beavers are wonderfully coöperative, but they have shown no tendency to establish a church!" The robust faith of the author is given in these words: "A plan of which we are ignorant, but of which the end will be good, is apparently our only explanation of the mystery."

*Man's helps and his hindrances from animals.*

Under the rather too ambitious title "The Balance of Nature" (Dutton) Mr. George Abbey classifies and analyzes the common animals and birds with reference to the harm or good they do to man. The classification into "Insectivorous and Harmless," "Partly Useful and Partly Injurious," and "Destructive," is applied in successive chapters to wild animals,

wild birds, water birds, migratory birds, reptiles, and game. The author attempts neither to defend nor condemn, but with scientific impartiality tells the story of each creature's habits and conduct from the standpoint of man's welfare. If any fault is to be found with the author's sense of justice, it is that while the second part of his book gives directions for trapping or otherwise destroying those creatures that sometimes do harm, no corresponding space is given to directions for protecting and preserving those that do good. The third section of the volume is devoted to domesticated animals, and makes many ingenious and amusing suggestions. One case is reported in which cats were employed successfully to patrol a strawberry bed and frighten away the birds. This was accomplished by placing collars around the cat's necks, attaching chains to these collars, and allowing the chains, by means of rings at the farther end, to run on wires strung along the aisles of the strawberry beds. "Saucers replete with milk and other evidence of food being supplied, rendered the arrangement complete." An abundance of cats and a scarcity of strawberries would seem to be implied by this ingenious scheme. Less fanciful and even more practical suggestions are made which householders and gardeners might well give heed to. The volume is of substantial size, well made, and illustrated with a hundred and fifty "diagrammatical drawings." A view of the trained cats doing police duty at the strawberry beds would have been an interesting addition.

*Three great men of the French Revolution.*

Mr. Charles F. Warwick, a Philadelphia lawyer, is the author of three volumes on "the three most distinguished and representative men in each of the three distinctive periods of the French Revolution" (Jacobs & Co.). The first volume is on Mirabeau, the second on Danton, the third on Robespierre. While the volumes add little to what is known of the men or the period, they are good popular expositions of their subjects, and will be found useful as well as readable. Especially interesting, in the volume on Robespierre, are the first two chapters, containing a character-sketch of that remarkable man—a mosaic of the opinions of others bound together by the author's own views. After a chapter describing the early life of the great revolutionist, we are given twenty-two chapters relating not so much to Robespierre as to the Revolution—its causes, conditions, and results; its leaders, interesting incidents, etc. The concluding chapters trace the decline of Robespierre's influence to his fall. The author's aim is, in part, to show that Robespierre was incorruptible, sincere, less radical than was commonly believed, and less bloodthirsty, especially toward the last. "He was possessed of a single ruling idea, and had a fixedness of purpose, an indefatigable perseverance, that neither fate nor defeat could weaken or destroy. His reserve was impenetrable, and this made it interesting as well as difficult to fathom his purpose. By his earnestness, he impressed men with his sin-



cerity, and he was so far removed from every form and feature of venality that he was in time designated 'The Incorruptible,' this term being applied neither in irony nor in contempt. . . . Cold, repellant, without generous emotions, he yet had qualities that enabled him to force his way to the front, and by a relentless policy to overthrow his adversaries, attain eminence, and in one of the stormiest periods of the world's history to exercise a power that was almost imperial. . . . He was a product of the eventful and exceptional times in which he lived."

*The beginnings  
of our Republic.*

In a small volume attractively illustrated and clearly printed, Mr. Charles Stedman Hanks tells the story of "Our Plymouth Forefathers, the Real Founders of the Republic" (Estes). Beginning with a chapter on "The English Separatists," which gives the commonly accepted account of King Henry VIII's rupture with Rome, the author traces the course of the Pilgrims from Scrooby to Holland and America, the greater part of the book being naturally devoted to the vicissitudes of the colony at Plymouth. Due honor is paid to Provincetown, as the place of our forefathers' first landing; and some account is also given of the Buzzards Bay, Connecticut River, and Penobscott River trading posts, with one chapter on "The Puritan Settlement at Boston." The author is inclined to see the hand of fate leading these early settlers in their wanderings, and his final chapter he entitles "A People of Destiny." In the immediately preceding chapter some glimpses are furnished of the every-day life of our Plymouth ancestors. The book is well suited to the needs and tastes of young students of American history, and is good reading for older persons also.

*A French  
historian  
of gossip.*

M. Joseph Turquan, who has acquired a position in France as an historian of gossip, has achieved a volume on "The Love Affairs of Napoleon," a very good translation of which, by Mr. J. Lewis May, is published by the John Lane Co. A volume on such a subject could scarcely be expected to be proper literary diet *virginibus puerisque*; and although there is perhaps nothing unnecessarily offensive in M. Turquan's method of handling it, we have *chronique scandaleuse* from the first page to the last. The work is, of course, no more than a compilation. Fragments of more or less well-authenticated gossip are regularly sandwiched with cheap comment which strives to be at the same time cynical and respectable; yet this narrative, in common with everything from M. Turquan, possesses the merit that covers a multitude of literary defects—the merit of being eminently readable. A psychologist might even find it possible to show that this author possesses both the virtues and the faults that make for popularity; although a moralist might deplore the application of these qualities—in this volume at least—in a direction so little edifying.

#### BRIEFER MENTION.

One who takes his history not too heavily will find Mrs. Julia Henderson Levering's volume on "Historic Indiana" (Putnam) worth reading. It is written in an attractive style, and narrates the story of Indiana from its earliest beginnings under the French *régime* down to the present time, bringing out forcibly the dramatic elements in the history of this frontier State. While adding nothing especially new, such volumes have their legitimate use in popularizing the knowledge reached at the time of publication. As scholarly research advances, similar books will be written, so that new viewpoints and more accurate interpretations may become known by a larger reading public. The volume is well and attractively illustrated.

Three new Baedekers are ready for the present tourist season. "The United States," still edited by Mr. J. F. Muirhead, is now in its fourth edition, and includes excursions to Mexico, Cuba, Porto Rico, and Alaska. Americans seem to be learning that a Baedeker is no less useful for travel in their own country than in foreign parts. The volume now fills over eight hundred pages, and is equipped with some eighty maps and plans. The "Northern France," now in its fifth English edition, covers the region from the Channel to the Loire. The "Norway, Sweden, and Denmark," now in its ninth edition, includes excursions to Iceland and Spitzbergen. All these are imported by the Messrs. Scribner.

Mr. J. Redding Ware's "Passing English of the Victorian Era" (Dutton) is a dictionary of slang as now current among our English cousins. The entries are illustrated by quotations, and the book, while serving a serious purpose, will also be found highly entertaining. The flavor of the examples is of course insular, but American readers will not find themselves wholly at sea in the pages of this dictionary. "Nark the titter" may be a puzzle to us, but "Damfoolishness" and "Up to the scratch" will be recognized as old friends. We are not quite so sure about "Ticket-skinner," said to hail from New York; it may be as expressive as "Ticket scalper," but we have never heard it used on this side of the ocean.

#### NOTES.

Miss Elizabeth Robins's new novel, announced for early publication in the autumn, is to be entitled "The Florentine Frame." The scene is New York City and the characters are all American.

To the "Tudor and Stuart Library" of reprints, published by Mr. Henry Frowde, has been added "Wilson's Arte of Rhetorique, 1560," edited by Mr. G. H. Mair, who writes an elaborate critical introduction.

The "Agricola" of Tacitus, edited by Professor Duane Reed Stuart, is a new volume of "Macmillan's Latin Classics." The thirty pages of text get over a hundred pages of notes and commentary, which is certainly a liberal measure.

"De Quincey's Literary Criticism," edited by Mr. H. Darbishire, and published by Mr. Henry Frowde, is a volume of extracts from that brilliant but erratic writer, including chapters on Pope, Milton, Wordsworth, Southey, Lamb, and Landor, besides the essay on "Rhetoric" in the guise of a review of Whateley's text-book.

Messrs. Ginn & Co. publish "Essentials of Public Speaking for Secondary Schools," by Messrs. Robert L. Fulton and Thomas C. Trueblood; and an "Elementary Modern Chemistry," the work of Messrs. Wilhelm Ostwald and Harry W. Morse.

Messrs. B. H. Sanborn & Co. publish "A Secondary Arithmetic, Commercial and Industrial," the work of Messrs. John C. Stone and James F. Millis. The problems are numerous, and of the strictly practical character demanded by the conditions of modern business.

A biography of the late Professor Simon Newcomb is being prepared by his daughter, Mrs. Anita Newcomb McGee, who invites assistance from any of his friends who may have letters from or reminiscences of him to contribute. Her address is 1620 P St., Washington, D. C.

"Light and Sound," by Messrs. William S. Franklin and Barry Macnutt, is a college text-book of physics recently published by the Macmillan Co. It combines advanced theoretical discussion with a wholesome tendency to keep the practical application constantly in view.

"Spanish tales for Beginners," edited by Professor Elijah C. Hills, is published by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. It includes both short stories and poems, and has the usual notes and vocabulary. Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co. publish a volume of "Spanish Anecdotes," edited by Messrs. W. F. Giese and C. D. Cool.

Fräulein Ida Louise Benecke, with permission given her many years ago by George Meredith, has published a German translation of his story of Lassalle and Helene von Racowitza, and we now acknowledge the receipt of "Die Trigischen Komödaanten" from Messrs. Siegle, Hill, & Co., London. This translator is not, however, the first in the field, since a German version of the work by Fräulein Julie Sotteck appeared in Berlin a year ago.

Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co. are all the time discovering new categories of things that "every child should know." We are not sure about all of their groups, but when it comes to "Wild Flowers Every Child Should Know" there can be no doubt of the usefulness of the guide. Mr. Frederic William Stack is the author of this book, which adopts a simple color classification, and is attractively illustrated with photographic plates, some of them colored.

"Theodore Roosevelt, Dynamic Geographer"—it is a novel appellation, and it forms the title of a pamphlet published by Mr. Henry Frowde. The author, Mr. Frank Buffington Vrooman, simply means by it that Mr. Roosevelt has set out to conserve the natural resources of the United States, and his summary of the progress made, and largely due to Mr. Roosevelt's initiative, is now printed upon the basis of a lecture given last March at Oxford.

The Columbia University "Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law" yield a new group of monographs, six in number, rather exceptional in their interest. They are as follows: "An Introduction to the Sources Relating to the Germanic Invasions," by Dr. Carlton Huntley Hayes; "Transportation and Industrial Development in the Middle West," by Dr. William F. Gerhardt; "Social Reform and the Reformation," by Dr. Jacob Salwyn Schapiro; "Responsibility for Crime," by Dr. Philip A. Parsons; "The Conflict over Judicial Powers in the United States to 1870," by Dr. Charles Grove Haines; and "A Study of the Population of Manhattanville," by Dr. Howard Brown Woolston.

### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following List, containing 32 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

#### BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

**Simeon Solomon:** An Appreciation. By Julia Ellsworth Ford. Illustrated, 4to, pp. 77. New York: Frederic Fairchild Sherman. \$3.50 net.

**Edward Gayer Andrews:** A Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. By Francis J. McDonnell. With portrait, 8vo, pp. 291. Eaton & Mains. \$1.50 net.

**Correspondence of Thomas Ebenezer Thomas:** Mainly Relating to the Anti-Slavery Conflict in Ohio. Published by His Son. With portraits, large 8vo, pp. 137. Robert Clarke Co. \$1. net.

#### GENERAL LITERATURE.

**The Shadow on the Dial, and Other Essays.** By Ambrose Bierce. 8vo, pp. 249. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. \$2. net.

**The Poe Cult, and Other Poe Papers.** By Eugene S. Didier. With portrait, 12mo, pp. 301. Broadway Publishing Co. \$1.50.

**The Gest of Robin Hood.** By W. H. Clawson. Large 8vo, pp. 129. University of Toronto Library. \$1.

#### FICTION.

**The Old Wives' Tale.** By Arnold Bennett. 12mo, pp. 578. George H. Doran Co. \$1.50 net.

**Half a Chance.** By Frederic S. Isham. Illustrated, 12mo, pp. 383. Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.50.

**Diana Dethroned.** By W. M. Letts. 12mo, pp. 317. John Lane Co. \$1.50.

**The Compact.** By Ridgwell Cullum. 12mo, pp. 306. George H. Doran Co. \$1.30 net.

**The Master of Life: A Romance of the Five Nations.** By W. D. Lighthall. Illustrated, 12mo, pp. 261. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.50.

**The Goose Girl.** By Harold MacGrath. Illustrated, 12mo, pp. 383. Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.50.

**A Castle of Dreams.** By Netta Syrett. With frontispiece. 12mo, pp. 345. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.50.

**The Man of Destiny.** By Thomas Gold Frost. Illustrated, 12mo, pp. 312. New York: Gramercy Publishing Co. \$1.50.

**Zariah the Martian.** By R. Norman Grisewood. With frontispiece, 12mo, 194 pages. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co. \$1.

#### RELIGION.

**Modern Light on Immortality.** By Henry Frank. 12mo, pp. 467. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. \$1.85 net.

**Bethlehem to Olivet: The Life of Jesus Christ.** By J. R. Miller. Illustrated by modern painters, 12mo, pp. 180. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.50 net.

**The Mind of Christ: An Attempt to Answer the Question. What Did Jesus Believe?** By T. Calvin McClelland, D.D. 12mo, pp. 210. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.25 net.

**The Socialized Church:** Addresses before the First National Conference of the Social Workers of Methodism. Edited by Worth M. Tippy, D.D. 12mo, pp. 238. Eaton & Mains. \$1. net.

#### BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

**Stories of Norse Heroes: Hero Tales from the Eddas and Sagas.** Retold by E. M. Wilmot-Buxton. Illustrated, 8vo, pp. 260. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.50.

**A Child's Guide to American History.** By Henry W. Elson. Illustrated, 12mo, pp. 364. Baker & Taylor Co. \$1.25 net.

**In Nature's School.** By Lillian Gaak. Illustrated, 12mo, pp. 330. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.50.

**Found by the Circus.** By James Otis. Illustrated, 12mo, pp. 180. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.

#### BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

**Annual Magazine Subject-Index for 1908.** By Frederick Winthrop Faxon, A.B. Large 8vo, pp. 193. Boston Book Co. \$3. net.

**Bibliography of the Chinese Question in the United States.** By Robert Ernest Cowan and Boutwell Dunlap. Large 8vo, pp. 68. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. \$1.40 net.

## EDUCATION.

**Teaching Children to Study.** By Lida B. Earhart, Ph.D. 12mo, pp. 181. "Riverside Educational Monographs." Houghton Mifflin Co. 35 cts.

**Introduction to Economics.** By Alvin S. Johnson, Ph.D. 12mo, pp. 404. New York: D. C. Heath & Co. \$1.50 net.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**The Elements of Military Hygiene.** By P. M. Ashburn. 12mo, pp. 314. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2. net.

**Chile: A Handbook.** Compiled by the International Bureau of American Republics. Illustrated, large 8vo, pp. 236. International Bureau of American Republics.

**Report on the Progress and Condition of the U.S. National Museum for the Year 1908.** Illustrated, large 8vo, pp. 138. Washington: Government Printing Office. \$1.

**Wit and Humor of the Stage.** Edited by Frederic Reddick. With portrait, 16mo, pp. 236. G. W. Jacobs & Co. 50 cts. net.

**The Errors of Mind Healing.** By Reinhold Willman, M.D. 8vo, pp. 179. Advocate Publishing Co.

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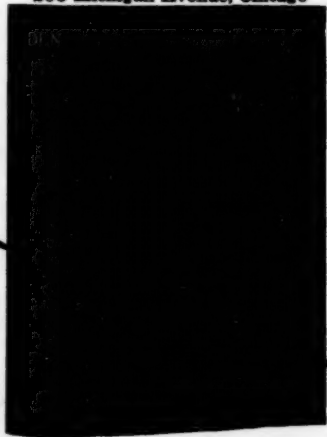
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